



THE  
LAUREAT.  
A  
POEM.



[ Price One Shilling and Sixpence. ]



THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

1911

LAUREAT

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THE  
LAUREAT.

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A  
POEM.

Inscribed to the MEMORY of

C. CHURCHILL.

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L O N D O N :

Printed for J. RIDLEY, in St. James's-Street. M.DCC.LXV.



T H E

L A U R E A T

P O T M



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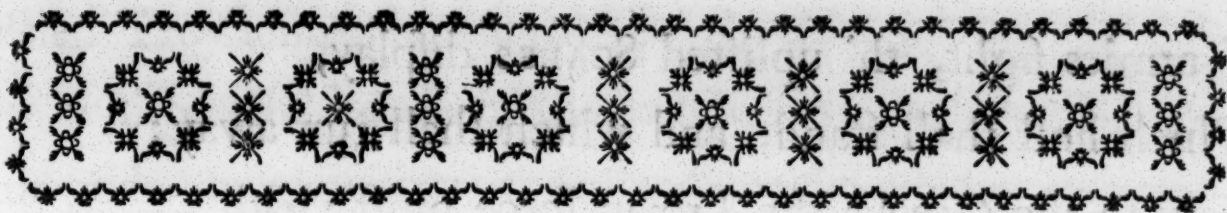
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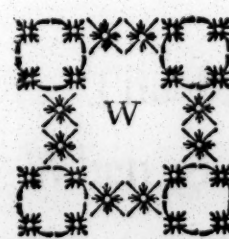
L O N D O N

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T H E  
L A U R E A T.

 I T H ancient Bards, establish'd names, who sit  
Sovereigns of verse, and oracles of wit,  
Whose worth in childhood we with reverence scan,  
Doom'd to forget them, e'er we rise to man,  
A pious custom, sanctify'd by time,  
Still claims obedience from the sons of rhyme.

Whate'er the world design'd, the *pagan* Jove  
Each godhead summon'd to debate above;

B

If



If armies fight, th' uplifted SCALES display,  
Which host shall stand, and which shall run away;  
Now to the Greeks the Trojan force must yield,  
Now Troy usurps the conquest of the field;  
In vain — for fate's decree was known to all,  
That Greece should triumph, and that TROY must fall.  
If heroes quarrel for a captive dame,  
The gods, as PARTY leads, their rage enflame,  
Or sooth their passion — in a veil of clouds  
Her sacred form the queen of wisdom shrouds,  
And bids her FAV'RITE sheath his *thirsty* sword,  
Nor strike, but mouth it with the GRECIAN lord.  
Achilles and Æneas pant in vain,  
To join the fight, and scour th' embattled plain,  
'Till a huge shield is forg'd by VULCAN's care,  
That scarce a warrior but themselves could bear :  
PHOEBUS the Trojans hates, and hates, we see,  
Because their king once chous'd him of his fee.  
JUNO must still her darling GREEKS defend,  
Because poor VENUS was the Trojan's friend ;  
For this, if angry clouds the sky deform,  
'Twas Juno that from malice rais'd the storm ;

When



When Troy's superior might the Grecians prove,  
SHE whispers falsehoods in the ear of Jove ;  
For gods, to gain their ends, with artful plan,  
Would wheedle, swear, and fret, as well as man.  
Swift footed MERCURY, by his father ply'd,  
Flew, as his orders bad, from side to side ;  
Faithful each tedious mandate he receives,  
Which cautious Jove with nice precision gives ;  
MER'CRY his lesson learns, and soon is heard  
To utter line for line, and word for word ;  
Nor cares a jot, himself well stock'd with breath,  
His sick'ning readers tho' he talk to death.

The MODE no wonder fondling moderns love,  
When glaring faults, if ancient, they approve ;  
Dear ancient bards a strict attention draw,  
Their words are genius, and their strains are law ;  
Tho' tow'ring FANCY born on rapid wing,  
High o'er the reach of sense disdainful spring,  
Tho' streams *in person* rise, and gods come down  
Meer mortal hosts to slaughter, and to drown,

Or



Or with their brother gods dispute the day,  
The gentle Venus mingling in the fray ;  
Whate'er romantic scenes the page defile,  
From sneering children which extort a smile,  
Moderns, like Pope, will genuine beauties call,  
And find poetic meaning for them all.

For me, who know not with exacter rule  
To hug for life, each whimfy learn'd at school,  
Who court not folly, tho' her head she rears,  
Fill'd with the lustre of a thousand years,  
I feel the fervor of the Grecian page,  
Which paints the patriot's worth, the warrior's rage ;  
I see with pity's sympathizing soul  
Affection's tide in HECTOR's bosom roll ;  
See torn to battle from a virtuous wife,  
The husband, parent, and the MAN at strife ;  
THERE glows ULYSSES' thought with manly sense ;  
There sober NESTOR's placid eloquence ;  
There, highly rais'd on her poetic throne,  
DESCRIPTION, smiling, speaks the BARD her own.

When



# THE LAUREAT.

5

When polish'd MARO strikes his softer lyre,  
 The charms of suff'ring worth my soul inspire,  
 Which bears resign'd each horror of the plain,  
 And all the tumults of the roaring main:  
 While anguish labors in the Trojan's breast,  
 His foes triumphant, and his friends oppress'd;  
 His country in the dust—with warmth divine  
 I feel the patriot breathe in ev'ry line;  
 While still submissive found to heav'n's control,  
 He keeps the steady tenor of his soul,  
 Pleas'd we behold, each threat'ning danger pass'd,  
 That virtue meets her full reward at last.

When such the themes which ancient bards pursue,  
 With awe their majesty of verse I view;  
 Let aiding Gods their sacred influence show'r  
 On strains well-worthy a celestial pow'r;  
 Myself ev'n now demand Apollo's care,  
 And seat the Godhead in the critic's chair,  
 My subject verse; I wooe his fond regard,  
 To paint the features of the MODERN BARD;

C

To



To draw the charms of conscious worth to light,  
 And level dullness in the shades of night;  
 Be his the task to point the muse's fires,  
 A theme directing, which himself inspires.

And thou, O reason, lend thy sacred hand,  
 And guide me wand'ring thro' poetic land;  
 On worthless rhymers no applause be shed,  
 No laurel wreath be torn from merit's head,  
 With envious sneer no trivial faults be shewn,  
 To blast a genius greater than my own;  
 Give me, secure of fear, the bard to scan,  
 While truth and freedom consecrate my plan.

The God was fat; sense beaming in his face,  
 Transfus'd a double lustre on his PLACE;  
 His calm composure, and demeanor bland,  
 Inspir'd a love, and rev'rence of command;  
 Unshaken guardian of POETIC laws,  
 The *Judge* neer sunk a *party* to the cause;  
 Pride was his hate, and innocence his care,  
 —JUSTICE might say her fav'rite PRATT was there.

Fast



Fast by his side the heav'nly nine resort,  
The attendant *council* of the poet's court;  
Friends of the God, and partners of his toil,  
Unskill'd fair merit of her rights to spoil;  
Their supple tongues to blackest themes to suit,  
And *shame* the witnesses they can ne'er confute;  
Deal slanders, while they plead, and dare display  
The rankest libels to the face of day;  
Bully with front of brass, and nod the head,  
With shrugs, and winks misleading, and mislead.

Now sounds the trumpet from the breath of fame,  
To modern rhymers scarcely known by name;  
(By earliest bards bestow'd *their* darling queen,  
Without her trumpet never yet was seen.)  
Struck with its voice around the RIVAL band,  
Press to the laurel, and the prize demand.

First rushes BROWN—presumptuous impudence  
Is always wedded to a dearth of sense,  
As *Scottish* firs with vig'rous strength abound,  
When sagely planted in a *barren* ground;

By



By self-applause to matchless merit grown,  
He claims at once the laurel for his own.

“ If various themes for parts superior call,

“ I’ve toil’d o’er numbers, and have shone in all ;

“ What bard so amply in the tragic page,

“ Can melt with pity, or can storm with rage ?

“ Critics, the *sounding* BARBAROSSA scan,

“ And murm’ring praise the worth of ATHELSTAN ;

“ Freely on tow’ring wings let SHAKESPEAR soar,

“ Myself I deem what SHAKESPEAR was before ;

“ Then SATIRE’S strain my manly verse pursues,

“ POPE yields the triumphs of his fav’rite muse ;

“ In ODE what pow’rs enthusiast I dispense,

“ What glow of numbers, and what stores of sense I

“ With unresisted charms to BROWN is given

“ To lift, in SAUL, the ravish’d *soul* to heav’n ;

“ Music and poesy combin’d agree,

“ A HANDEL and a DRYDEN live in me.

“ Since thus my strains with dazzling lustre shine,

“ Be worth rewarded, and the prize is mine ;

“ Here merit beams, let merit feel thy care,

“ While pine the rest with envy and despair.”

Furious



Furious he ended, and the laurel ey'd ;  
 Calm and sedate Apollo thus reply'd ;  
 " Still shall unmanly PRIDE thy passions raise !  
 " Still shall thyself be doom'd thyself to praise !  
 " Well have I found, among the sons of earth,  
 " Meek gentle modesty the test of worth ;  
 " With scorn I view the coxcomb's giddy zeal,  
 " And loath the bard, whose strains I cannot feel ;  
 " The wreath another must adorn." — he said,  
 And plung'd the boaster to oblivion's shade.

With brow serene more gently thro' the crowd  
 Advancing, to the court politely bow'd  
 The tall lank *shadow* of a lordly bard,  
 Assur'd by FLATT'RY of the great reward.  
 " What strains melodious warble on his tongue !  
 " Ye fighting lovers listen to his song !  
 " In PAST'RAL ease his sugar'd lays dispense  
 " The purest sweets of rural innocence !  
 " Tun'd by the nine, his MORAL lesson charms,  
 " No satire vexes, and no rage alarms ;



" Nat'ral as THEOCRITUS's his numbers roll,  
 " Yet smooth as MARO's they allure the soul.  
 " A fainter praise these *youthful* scenes proclaim,  
 " On Lucy's hapless grave he builds his fame;  
 " There wildly regular th' elegiac muse  
 " Lost in a waste of woe the strain pursues;  
 " Each drooping willow on the bank that grows,  
 " Each bird that warbles, and each wind that blows,  
 " Each flow'ry landscape, and each murmur'ing stream  
 " Assist this chafter PETRARCH's darling theme."

So rang th' applauses of a noisy rout  
 Of puny servil witlings *from without*;  
 While Fame with wonder heard the coxcombs plead,  
 And thus Apollo and the nine decreed.  
 " If we, O bard, in this degen'rate time,  
 " When follies thrive, and genius is a crime,  
 " When worth is banish'd, ignorance polite,  
 " And lords are scarcely taught to read and write,  
 " If we with smiles thy polish'd verse inspire,  
 " And tune to harmony thy humbler lyre,  
 " While stricter virtue frowns not on thy lays,  
 " Content be thine; the COURT confirms thy praise;

" But



“ But if thy foul ambitious thoughts pursue,  
“ And fondly claim the LAUREL as thy due,  
“ ’Tis His—whose genius, kindling in its course,  
“ Soars on triumphant wings with eagle force,  
“ And boasts, while animated numbers roll,  
“ That feast of fancy, and that glow of soul,  
“ Which bids the bard with rays superior shine,  
“ And stamps th’ immortal fav’rite of the nine.

“ Ev’n judgment fees, when Lucy fills thy heart,  
“ Nature, where most she pleases, yield to art;  
“ And fighting o’er Description’s labor’d plan,  
“ The poet owns, but cannot find the *man*.”

True friend and patron of rebellion’s cause,  
Screen’d by self-exile from his country’s laws.  
Foe, till a courtier, to the courtly race,  
And foe to pensions till he gain’d a place;  
Now dupe to statesmen who exalts his head;  
Belov’d of Scotland, and by SCOTLAND fed;  
With brain of mischief, and with heart of gall,  
Flew changeling WHITEHEAD to the trumpet’s call.



In vain he boasts the peerless rays which shine,  
 And fill the glories of his manly line;  
 Boldly usurping with *unmanner'd* pride,  
 Th' ingenuous MANNERS he to all deny'd;  
 In vain his lays with HONOR's dictates roll,  
 While int'rest guides each motion of the soul;  
 In vain the muse on tow'ring pinion springs,  
 Disgracing nobles, and despising kings,  
 While MERIT claims th' applause which faction gave,  
 And he who vaunts his freedom, droops a slave;  
 —Ne'er shall the LAUREL sink the wretch's prize,  
 Who spurns his sovereign, and his friend denies.

With sprucer aspect, and serener air,  
 From filken toilettes of the lisp'ing fair,  
 Where luring scenes his easy lines impart,  
 And to soft raptures warm the love-sick heart,  
 His gentle namesake pac'd; — the tuneful song  
 In praise of self, thus smoothly trill'd along.

"If smiles from statesmen, or my king's regard  
 Enhance the merits of a courtly bard;  
 "Apollo's



" Apollo's favor well those strains may meet,  
 " Which rais'd the poet to the Laureat's feat;  
 " The LAUREAT's name no more reproaches load,  
 " No Cibber's nonsense blasts the birth-day ode;  
 " Again the tragic muse uprears her head,  
 " And sounds the MEM'RY of the PATRIOT dead;  
 " Again in all the majesty of woe,  
 " With moral grace th' elegiac numbers flow;  
 " Now SATIRE's frown my bolder page inspires,  
 " Expands my soul, and fills me with her fires;  
 " Mark! how my numbers swell! my thoughts enlarge!  
 " While subject poets feel their master's CHARGE!"

Simp'ring he clos'd; his voice, with magic sound,  
 Pour'd universal lethargy around;  
 So calm he lisps! so lulling he sings!  
 So *fine* his art of saying pretty things!  
 — Nor "ROMAN FATHER" could the crowd awake;  
 Nor ev'n "*Creusa's Notes*" the slumber break.

High o'er the splendid court, uprais'd by FAME,  
 Hung faithful pictures of each ancient's name;

E

Whose



Whose moral lays the gen'rous passions mov'd,  
 O'erpow'r'd the fancy, or the heart improv'd;  
 Bards, who still triumph o'er each distant coast,  
 Th' Athenian glory, and the Roman boast;  
 These the stern JOHNSON ey'd, and stalk'd along;  
 The huge Colloßus o'er an abject throng;  
 This hand, with conscious joy, a PENSION bore,  
 And grasp'd the idol which it loath'd before;  
 Full in the midst, all-glorious to behold,  
 Shone "STEUART'S" name in characters of gold;  
 This held a roll, where wits of highest note  
 Subscrib'd for what a JOHNSON *might have wrote*;  
 Freely the cash they gave, he freely took,  
 Ne'er doom'd to view the money, or *the book*.

"Ye sycophants, avaunt; complete at home,  
 "Why should we hug the shades of Greece and Rome?  
 "If chaste correction grace the TRAGIC page,  
 "Unrival'd still IRENE treads the stage;  
 "Free tho' her strains from fancy's wildness roll,  
 "And the fine frenzy of a Shakespeare's soul;

"Yet



" Yet nature triumphs, unadorn'd by art;  
 " And gains the palm, where judgment rules the heart ;  
 " What tho' her *hapless fate* proclaim at once  
 " The witling's sneer, and censures of the dunce ;  
 " Still REASON's smile the spotless page shall crown,  
 " And well requite the malice of the town.  
 " How spring the flames of satire, when I deign  
 " To pour the vengeance of the "ROMAN STRAIN".  
 " Firm foe to folly, and the scourge of crimes,  
 " I lash corruption, and I purge the times ;  
 " To virtue's paths I guide the sons of men ;  
 " Truth warms my soul, and wisdom rules my pen.  
 —Tremble, ye circling fops, at JOHNSON's name ;  
 " Forego your wishes, and assist my claim."

Frowning he clos'd, expectant of the prize ;  
 His suit the court attends with conscious sighs,  
 That pride should blast the praise which merit won,  
 And all that genius gain'd, by rancor be undone.

From garret high, where Dullness on her throne  
 Smiles o'er his strains, and marks them for her own ;

Where



Where, cloath'd in envy's garb, he loves to sit,  
 Witlefs himself, to scoff at other's wit;  
 Hunt sacred learning down, as lawful game,  
 And fix by censures in immortal fame;  
 Where poverty invites combining elves,  
 'To spurn what genius stamps, and—praise themselves;  
 For daily bread at merit's hated mark  
 To level poison'd arrows in the dark,  
 With sneers and frowns the fierce attack renew,  
 And form *at last* a pitiful REVIEW;  
 With leaden GRIFFITHS dozing at his side,  
 The pert, prim LANGHORNE came in priestly pride.

Smoothly he speaks of *soft ambrosial bow'rs*,  
 Of *streams mæand'ring*, and of *fragrant flowers*;  
 With rapt'rous descant prattles Music's praise,  
 And melts in harmony's mellifluous phrase;  
 While gay description trills, in sprightly vein,  
 Belov'd alliteration's luring strain.

In amorous notes the floods, the woods resound  
 Each sigh of Venus o'er Adonis' wound;

On



On folly's filken wing the numbers soar,  
Invoking *pastoral* on a *barren* shore;  
Soft flows the *ethic* muse, whose strains admit  
No spark of genius, and no ray of wit;  
Nor through the slumb'ring piece ONE thought we find,  
To feast the judgment, or *enlarge the mind*.

Smiling Apollo and the nine survey'd  
This rhyming trifler, this poetic shade;  
Then gently sunk him down, to wreak his spite  
In calm oblivion and the shades of night.

Now stalk'd presumptuous, at the scent of gain,  
Pleas'd at their BROTHER's fate, a Scottish train;  
His dearest friend a Scotsman would disgrace,  
When self's the plea, and interest in the case.

First—Slave profess of folly and of pride,  
“ Mine is the laurel,” HUME, insulting, cry'd;  
Proofs of his worth the court with anger views  
Three leaden slumbers of the *tragic* muse,  
His fruitless boast the *wretched* scenes declare,  
And all his fond desires—are lost in air.



Next MALLET came ; rank flatt'ry in his breast,  
 Bute was his theme, and freedom was his jest ;  
 Songs, poems, odes their feeble pow'rs display ;  
 —Stiff-affectation rules the pedant lay ;  
 His *earlier* praise *maturer* labors cross'd ;  
 And what *Amintor* gain'd, *Elvira* lost.

SMOLLETT, enrob'd in fable garb, appears,  
 And stains the muse with Caledonia's tears ;  
 Unhappy bard ! —a William's fame shall soar,  
 Till worth and valor shall be known no more,  
 Till grateful memory's from the soul expell'd,  
 And traytors *keep* the place which patriots held.

From ISIS flow'ry banks of tuneful fame,  
 Two brothers flew, and WHARTON was the name.  
 Sweet is the music of the manly line,  
 Where Oxford's consecrated triumphs shine.  
 Where shades of patriots from the tomb arise,  
 And learning's votaries beam before our eyes ;  
 Ah ! why, where MERIT glow'd, should FACTION spread ;  
 And the degen'rate *living* shame the *dead* !

Amid



Amid the darkling shades I joy to rove,  
In *melancholy* wrapt the silent grove;  
On pleasure's wing let worldly fancies roll,  
I court the sober musings of the soul;  
And cry, when Wharton pours the pensive strains,  
'Tis thus the sacred voice of Young complains.

Yet oft, too richly dress'd, his thoughts display  
The labor'd language of DESCRIPTION's lay;  
The tinsel epithets too glaring shine,  
And damp the fervors of a manly line;  
While 'mid creative genius' wild career,  
The judgment he suspends, to lure the ear.

To numbers, glimm'ring with a milder fire,  
The kindred poet wakes his humble lyre;  
Now warm ambition wooes the *Mantuan* strain  
To *trip* in past'ral o'er the *British* plain;  
Yet still with fairer charms, in ERROR's spite,  
A DRYDEN's muse true genius must delight.  
Now lukewarm ODE in placid langour flows,  
No frenzy rouses, and no rapture glows;

Unless —



Unless—where FANCY, with a Milton's art,  
—Spreads all her beauties, and o'erpow'rs the heart.

Close rush'd behind a band, whose lays dispense  
Rhymes without *verse*, and numbers without sense;  
Juvenile bards, but newly come from school,  
Maturer age, that loves to play the fool;  
And wits, who cooking the poetic mess,  
For folly's taste th' unseason'd SAUSAGE dress.

At Cam's lethargic pool a tuneful train  
Fly from the bed of sloth, the prize to gain;  
Majestically sad, th' elegiac lay  
Melts into tears, and owns her fav'rite GRAY;  
Behind her, ODE impetuous in her course,  
Thrills the full bosom with a Pindar's force;  
Unbounded fancy soars on eagle wings,  
And points the chequer'd line of English kings;  
—Pursue him, genius, thro' the blaze of light,  
Too glaring for the pow'rs of—vulgar fight.

Mason advanc'd—in manhood's earlier hours  
Musæus rouses his poetic pow'rs;

Elfrida's



Elfrida's smiles of winning charms possess'd,  
 Bid conscious rapture kindle in the breast.  
 Thus shone the glories of a MASON's prime,  
 The ruling fav'rite 'mongst the sons of rhyme;  
 But see! the moral, melancholy song,  
 With languid step, half-palsy'd, drawl along;  
 Whose numbers, like the Curfeu's *swinging swell*  
 Of fame departed, ring the doleful knell:  
 See the warm spirit, which luxuriant glow'd,  
 To music melting in a flow'ry ode;  
 Where *sweet* DESCRIPTION palls upon the mind,  
 And SENSE, o'erpow'r'd by FANCY, lags behind.

From TRINITY, where *Smith*, with aukward art,  
 On Hardwicke smiles, a Sandwich in his heart;  
 Who speaks not boldly out on FREEDOM's plan,  
 And meanly aims *Revenge* on those who can;  
 With face, that never knew the blush of shame,  
 With tongue, that loves to sound its master's name,  
 Each Greek and Roman *at his finger's ends*,  
 With knowledge stor'd, and chief of learning's friends;



The motly Scot burns for the great reward;  
 At once a priest, a statesman, and a bard.  
 To him in *visionary* strains 'twas giv'n,  
 To make a flow'ry paradise of heav'n;  
 While fancy with unbridled wildness roves  
 O'er *amber streams*, and *amaranthine groves*;  
 He *walks* on ethic satire's hackney'd road,  
 And gently paces thro' the fields of Ode;  
 In labour'd hymns his duteous verse displays  
 Alike his Saviour's and his sov'reign's praise;  
 "To me, ye bards, (he cries) the wreath resign,  
 "Give me, Apollo, what by WORTH is mine;"  
 Boasting the laurel, where the judge was *wife*,  
 Far easier to be gain'd than SEATON'S prize.

Hence, stripling, hence, reply'd the nine, 'tis vain  
 In *borrow'd* plumes to trick the flimsy strain;  
 What foul of *worldly* knowledge would resort  
 To scatter incense at the MUSES' court;  
 Here not a pension INT'REST can behold,  
 Praise is their wealth, the laurel is their gold;

And



And fame's reward, which after death they give,  
 Is nought to those, who *now* alone would live.  
 Go then, and truckle to a slave of state,  
 Go haunt the glitt'ring levees of the great;  
 To ev'ry change thy supple prudence suit,  
 And when a PITT's expell'd—adore a BUTE;  
 For *writing, preaching*—sure to be preferr'd,  
 Chiefly by SANDWICH, for He keeps his word.

Authors of note, and bards without a name,  
 By DODSLEY's kindness usher'd into fame,  
 The gentle pastimes of a *dressing* BEAU,  
 With conscious pride their motley labours shew.  
 SOME, foes, like West, to modern merit, praise  
 The rugged language of ELIZA's days;  
 Such SPENSER's bold creative strain inspires,  
 Who never felt a spark of SPENSER's fires.  
 SOME, whom the charms of rural objects move,  
 Thro' the gay mead of *past'ral ballad* rove;  
 But in *their* sick'ning numbers we deplore,  
 That SHENSTONE, friend of nature, is no more.



SOME fops, array'd in softest silks, appear,  
 And whisper SONNETS in a lady's ear;  
 Another smartly trims his pretty lays,  
 And frisks for childhood, o'er the riddle's maze;  
 With manly flight here COLLINS' numbers spring,  
 There sinks an epigram without a sting.  
 SOME bid, like JENYNS, happy pairs advance,  
 And form, instructive HARTS, th' exacter dance,  
 Or when the muse's sprightlier whimsies fail,  
 Their fancies flatten to a *moral* tale.  
 COOPER with affectation's flimsy grace  
 Fringes his lines, and tricks them out with lace;  
 Sweet o'er his verse the choicest flowrets bloom,  
 In wild luxuriance round a SHAKESPEAR'S tomb.  
 Judgment's by hot imagination spurn'd,  
 And ARISTIPPUS to a coxcomb turn'd.  
 Slumb'ring o'er MARRIOT'S quill see! Horace flows  
 In all the emptiness of chiming prose;  
 Captains transform'd from boyish gods arise.  
 And *pretty* fancies charm the virgin's eyes



A bard approaches, whose satiric lay  
 Nameless is seen just breaking into day;  
 Freely of all he thought, and (strange the whim!)  
 He deem'd that all might freely think of him;  
 Virtue he lov'd; to her celestial pow'r  
 He bows subservient, and devotes his hour;  
 Fraud was his hate; and to contempt were hurl'd  
 The sneaking censures of a prattling world.

Scarce ripen'd into man, with fond regard  
 He wooes the numbers of the \* Roman bard,  
 Who scourg'd corruption, and made follies known  
 In times, that frown'd degen'rate as our own.  
 Now FRIENDSHIP's social joys his verse pursues,  
 Now worthless PRIESTHOOD animates his muse,  
 The muse, that glorying in an HONEST name,  
 A Clodio and a Kidgell damns to shame;  
 Now Freedom calls; he pours th' avenging stream  
 On *base oppression*, PRIVILEGE his theme.  
 In vain—the lines like *pictur'd* copies fall,  
 Before their MASTER's great ORIGINAL,  
 When CHURCHILL comes—with careless step he mov'd,  
 Not fame adoring, but by Fame belov'd,

\* Juvenal.

H

Sneer'd



Sneer'd by the fopling, loath'd by courtly tools,  
 Of wits the envy, and the dread of fools.  
 Ne'er footh'd by flatt'ry, and unaw'd by force,  
 With manly boldness he maintain'd his course;  
 Public applause confirms the poet's claim,  
 And ranks him foremost in the rolls of fame.

Straight thro' the court the buzz of SCANDAL flies,  
 And snarling *monthly* critics join the cries;  
 "The bard who SATIRE writes, is SURE to please,  
 "When rancor calls, the numbers flow with ease;  
 "'Tis but to spring, where merit rears her head,  
 "And rhyming malice by the WORLD is fed."  
 ANOTHER mourning with invidious sneer,  
 That hobbling verses wound a *nicer* ear,  
 Wishes the bard had labour'd to refine  
 And melt to music his melodious line.

SOME hate the strain (with spotless virtue blest'd)  
 Because its author's morals they detest;  
 As if the reader, with a surgeon's art,  
 To feel the work, should probe the writer's heart;  
 Should bid each slightest action glare to view,  
 Nor judge the poet, till the man they knew.

'Gainst



'Gainst merit murm'ring while these insects plead,  
 APOLLO calmly rose, and thus decreed:

With manly strength when solid numbers roll,  
 Reflection *charm*, and seize the very soul;  
 When fancy's richest stores the THOUGHTS inspire,  
 The glow of genius, and the muse of fire  
 Transport me from myself—a CHURCHILL's strain  
 Bids varying passions rush in ev'ry vein.  
 Let critics leagu'd with dulness, hand in hand,  
 Lay merit waste, and ravage learning's land;  
 The souls, who woo the nine, shall ever fear  
 To check imagination's bold career,  
 Nor from furrounding *sweets* shall dare refrain,  
 To cull the weeds, thin-scatter'd o'er the plain.

Ye ACTORS, glaring faults who *deign* to mend,  
 Remark your censor, as the *public* friend,  
 For what amusement can *poor mortals* find,  
 If *worthless* play'rs with *worthless* plays are join'd?  
 Bend, ye reviewers, bend, whose rancrous mirth  
 Would blast fair genius at her earliest birth;  
 Lash'd by *perfection's* strains, ye Scotsmen, bleed,  
 Quit England's wealth, and hug your native TWEED;  
 Let



Let grandeur droop, who with infidious art  
 Would fix the dagger in her country's heart;  
 Let folly's empire tremble to its base,  
 And guilt in gloom eternal hide her face.

For you, ye monarchs, from the morn of youth  
 Bred up by statesmen to be foes to truth;  
 Who feel no ills your subjects' peace alarm,  
 When foul oppression rears her iron arm,  
 See! full to view the STEUART lineage springs,  
 And learn to love your country, and \* be Kings.

Take then, the LAUREL take, illustrious bard,  
 The muses crown thee with thy worth's reward;  
 Thine be the prize; — for envy must allow,  
 What matchless DRYDEN was, is CHURCHILL now.

\* Gotham, Book III.

F I N I S.

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